# Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

BY E. P. WALTON & SON. MONTPELIER, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1850. VOL. XLIV, NO. 17.---WHOLE NO. 2264.

Watchman & State Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TERMS—$1,50 cash in advance; $2,00 if payment is not made in advance; interest always charged from the end of the year.


## Poetry.

### THE SHOEMAKER.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The shoemaker sat amid wax and leather,
With lap-stone over his knee,
Where, snug in his shop, he defied all weather,
Drawing his quarters and sole together—
A happy old man was he.

This happy old man was so wise and knowing,
The worth of his time he knew,
He bristled his ends and kept them going,
And felt to each moment a stitch was owing,
Until he got round the shoe.

Of every deed his wax was sealing,
The closing was firm and fast;
The prick of his awl never caused a feeling
Of pain to the foe; and his skill in healing
Was perfect and true to the last.

Whenever you gave him a foot to measure,
With gentle and skillful hand
He took his proportions with looks of pleasure,
As if you were giving him the costliest treasure,
Or dubbing him lord of the land.

And many a one did he save from getting
A fever, or cold, or cough,
And many a foot did he save from wetting,
When, whether in water or snow 'twas setting,
His shoeing would keep them off.

When he had done with his making and mending,
With hope and a peaceful breast,
Resigning his awl, as his thread was ending,
He passed from his bench, to the grave descending
As high as the king to rest.

## Miscellaneous.

From Holden's Dollar Magazine.

### CONTENT AND DISCONTENT.

BY MRS. E. S. LEGGETT.

Hetty and Susan Leyton were as different in their dispositions as they were in appearance; the one had a clear, rosy complexion, laughing eye, and joyous expression, with which the fulness of a round figure and nimble step well accorded, while the other had a shrunken, tall, straight body, with thin lips, dull, grey eyes, and naturally no smile at all, unless a painful distortion of one side of her mouth, when an unfortunate occurrence in housewifery was dwelt upon, may it be so interpreted.—I never saw her run; but she would walk around the house as though there was death in it. Even when they were children, Hetty would always come bounding into the door, with her apron full of fruit or flowers, and her dress all in tatters from the exertion to gather them, while Susan would follow her demurely, with no evidence of the happiness and delight which beamed in every every expression of her sister's face and every word she breathed. It was not that Susan was cross, either, but a continual discontent seemed to hang upon every thing she said or did. If it rained, "it was to disappoint her;" if the birds sung, "every thing, even the birds, were happier than she." Of course we loved Hetty—how could we help loving her best? Even her cake tasted sweeter than Susan's, if it was browner; for it seemed as if the song with which she sat gaily at work was in our ear, and we could always hear it when we touched or eat any thing of hers; while, if it was Susan's turn, (we used to take turn in those days in housekeeping,) she would sigh at breakfast time for fear she would miss her luck in baking, and if by chance she did, she would mope about until the next baking-day came to redeem her credit, but Hetty would say, "don't fretty Susy; if it is a little heavy, it will last longer;" thus did the little annoyances of life embitter every day of it. It would read any one a lesson to see the two girls. With one the gentle streams, which might have beautified the flowers, ever ready to spring upon its banks, were checked in their course and turned to fall over rocks and in muddy currents, while the other was a song of gladness in its silver rippling, paused now in glassy rings of playfulness, and dashing its tiny spray upon the sweet flowers which grew hourly in Hetty Layton's bosom; as it is said that "the boy is father of the man," so were the dispositions which were rooting themselves about the growth of the minds of them, to be the cloud or its silver lining in all their future lives.

In visiting the sick, (a sacred duty with them both,) their natural characteristics were felt. There was in the neighborhood a young creature, who was lingering for months at the edge of life, and the voice of comfort was always so welcome, as it would seem when Hetty came to her with her basket of nice fruit and a few flowers, and brought pictures, and would sit by her chair, with her white hand laid in hers; the invalid would smile, and her languid eye would brighten to the cheerfulness of the kind creature beside her; and hope would seem to be by her in those short seasons; and the mother of the sick girl would follow Hetty to the little gate, and beg her to come again, for her visits "did Mary so much good;" but when Susan came she never brought flowers, and would sit at a distance and ask the attendant if she failed fast, and dwelt upon her alarming symptoms, and relate other cases of like nature and increased suffering as the disease advanced, until oftimes a faint hysterical sob would come from the low couch, and Susan would return to say, "what a poor turn Mary had while she was with her."

Well, the girls grew up to be young women, and the toes of one would ache, while pinched up in a tight shoe, so intolerably that her whole frame seemed to partake of the agony; and Hetty, although her foot was larger in its propotions, danced and tripped upon the green with all the light gracefulness of enjoyment, as her pleased countenance would seem to say, "the world and every body in it owes me my share of happiness—why shall I not claim it?" If the old fiddler "forgot to come," or the string of his violin snapped, and there was none other, you would always hear her voice in time, making music for the little companies in the neighborhood, shocking greatly her sister's propriety, who would exclaim against her making herself so common, and transforming her sweet voice into something more like the great organ-pipes in the garden; and besides, she would add, "you need not expect to attract the admiration of the young men by it, for I do believe that they were laughing in their sleeves at your labor;" but little could the kind-hearted creature be convinced that so ill-disposed a person could live as to ridicule or dislike her for her efforts to please, when she felt that all her pulses were in harmony and good will to the least of the company.

And so time passed; and, notwithstanding the great difference in the attractive manner and disposition of the two, it began to be rumored about among the "young folks," that "Susan Layton had a beau," and stranger than fiction it was.

John Walker was a young man calculated in every respect to render a wife happy—(if she were not predetermined to be otherwise)—he was encouraged by her parents to continue his visits, and Hetty urged upon her sister the gentle manners and universal good name he enjoyed, but Susan was unmoved. "Why is it?" persisted Hetty; "you can't find a fault about him!" At length she acknowledged that she was so scrupulous—that he did not *look* neat enough—she liked him very well, but she knew that the polished linen, white as snow on his bosom, had no connexion with his wristbands; in plain terms, it was a *false* dickey, (we used to call them dickeys in those days,) for his wristbands were tucked up every other night, and so she would not marry him, for she hated deceit, and that closed John's courtship; but in a few months preparations were going forward for a wedding; and Hetty, happy in the choice of a lover, did not inquire into the secrets of his washerwoman, and believed that all was gold which glittered. She reposed in trusting confidence that, as the time had come for her to leave the old house and the vine at her father's door, the shadow of the roof tree of Henry Fielding would shelter her as lovingly as had the dear trees about her native home; and so, after she had taken her last walk among the familiar places she had loved—looked her last upon the little brook, and her family of ducks, and stopped to drink from the clear spring, as she used to do when a child, she dashed away the natural tears which hung upon her lids, clung awhile in the arms of her parents, embraced her sister, and took her cheerful presence from her childhood's home. And now, as we have separated the sisters, we will separate their stories.

The house to which Henry Fielding brought his young wife, was a great old-fashioned building, with a stone hall and a broad staircase, and heavy mouldings; the huge doors showing the strength and security of its woodwork, and the thick, solid masonry promised a home for many generations of the Fielding family; it had been the ancestral homestead, and with each descendant the pride of family increased, and so also increased the beauty of the grounds and gardens around it. The smooth cut freestone showed that taste as well as wealth had been bestowed upon every part of the stately mansion. The door yard was filled with trees, very old, and evergreen, and beneath were immense bushes of box-wood, trimmed and fashioned in various shapes of urns, and cones, and baskets.—To be sure, they were stiff enough to look at, but everything was in keeping, and they were green even when the hills were covered with snow, and Hetty called it her "Evergreen Home;" and dear child, her own heart was just like it, for there was always a freshness and beauty about it, even when the cold winter of affliction came upon her. As years came and went, they brought their cares with them; a large family was springing up and filling the halls and shady walks with the voices of childhood; and happy as had been all her days as maiden and wife, the devoted mother thanked God daily that he had bestowed so much to make her path pleasant, but it is not sunshine alone which gives fragrance to the flowers or dew that moisteneth the earth; there were clouds in the horizon of this happy family, and they were the first that had ever threatened its tranquility.

I have said it was a pride in the owner of Fielding manor to retain its possession; but with the property was increased incumbrances, and combined with a large family and generous living, the estates of the fine place were much involved, and it became necessary for great domestic economy; but a cheerful spirit ruled the hearth, and presided at the board, and what, if during the warm months, the cool and spacious bed chambers were crowded with strangers, and nurses with other's children in their arms, plucked the gay flowers from the borders, Hetty would say: "It is so pleasant for the boys to have company, and so lively—that Emma (her eldest daughter,) enjoys it so much, that we feel sorry when summer is gone; for all that are with us seems so much like our own, that the toil of serving them is nothing." And so like the sun she brightened every thing she looked upon, and even labor was gilded by her smile. "So long as God gives us health, dear Henry, do not regard me; we are happier and rest better in the performance of our duty.—These are small ills. See our children blooming and healthy around."

Thus she would cheer the drooping spirit of her husband in seasons of despondency, making light of those vexations which beset a large household and slender means.

Emma, the companion of her mother, and her ready assistant, partook of all the sweet amiabilities of her disposition; but a delicacy of health had followed her from her childhood, and now the bloom upon her cheek looked "too bright to be good," her neighbors said. But with the buoyancy of youth and her natural sprightliness of temper, she would not grieve her parents by complainings; and although her couch was the time of scenes of severe pains, and a slight low cough disturbed her rest, still there was but occasional anxiety felt for their beloved daughter, so well did her innocent deceit cover the "worm in the bud." But a few years found the invalid growing frailer, and the comfortable chair was wheeled in the most inviting spots, and the brothers brought in delicacies to tempt the appetite. Yet still content and hope was ever written upon the countenance of the trustful mother; and when finally the chilly winds of autumn brought the invalid to sit in the bright sunny south parlor, it was a real delight to see the labor of love which showed itself in every thing—little vases of flowers were placed around, which Emma had arranged, and light fancy-work disposed of to the attentive friends who visited the sick girl, were a real source of pleasure to the gentle child. "For I am not a burden," she would say, "and I can help you yet, mother."

And so the winter passad; and when the daisies and violets came in her lap, and decked the little green banks above the garden wall, she laid her angel-head upon her mother's shoulder, and yielder her tender spirit to her Maker."

"Dear Emma's sickness was a great comfort to us," Hetty would say to her sympathizing friends for a great part of the time; "it was not heart sickness; and then, we saw all our friends so often, and they were so kind, and I always had her near me, and now I know that she is safe; and perhaps had she lived, she would have left us, and had care and anxiety to distress her."

Thus she was ever distilling sweets from bitter fruit; thus did she show the meekness of content and the humility of a true Christian. Not so with Susan, having at a late period in life connected herself with a person of estimable qualities, and settling herself upon one of the most desirable locations of the beatiful East River. She rendered those around her so uncomfortable by repining at her lot, that her society was a burden to all. Her husband was a man, as I have said, of estimable amiabilities, and in selecting his second partner, he had hoped in Susan Layton to find a companion and friend who would fill up the vacancy left in his heart, by the death of a most beloved wife, at the same time giving to his young daughters a tender guardian for their future years. Alas, for his prospects! the beautiful paths of his former life of pleasantness he soon discovered were laid waste by the spirit of discontent he had brought in their midst; the dear haunts, and scenes about his really picturesque home, the cool bowers and shaded walks, upon which he had bestowed so much labor, and felt so much pride, drew no feeling of admiration from his wife; and the home for which all his youth had been spent in toil to obtain, a "home in the country," was regarded by his companion as a very great drawback to her enjoyment. "She always had hoped to live in the city; and now, from her connexion, it appeared that her destiny was fixed—she never had enjoyed the thing she desired; of course it was not to be looked for." And with murmurings such as these, she finally succeeded in rendering her husband's house so uncomfortable, that after a few years of their marriage he consented to yield his wishes to her and return to the city he had quitted with loathing, in the hope of procuring the domestic comfort of a cheerful helpmate and a smile to greet him by his hearth.

But when did ever change of circumstances minister to a mind so *so diseased*. The malady had grown with the victim from childhood, and years had strengthened it; and now no remedy could be found to apply to the full grown incubus. A stranger to have entered into the beautifully appointed drawing rooms, all tastefully decorated with draperies and delicate specimens of art, would be led to the belief that the drop curtain held no picture behind the scenes to mar the comfort apparently showing itself in all things.

But as each heart knoweth its own bitterness, so Richard Lewis knew the cloud upon his own doorway would never brighten; no domestic sunshine would gladden the future. And his girls, who were fast approaching those years which need the fostering of tender guidance to direct them through the mazes of youth, received no gentle influences from her, who had assumed the responsibility of a kind director.—And thus her life passed on, unloved and unloving, she shed no joy and gave no comfort; those who had trustfully reposed in the promises of hope, found them like the apples of the Dead Sea, filled with the ashes of deception.

And now, in her impoverished discontent, we will return to Hetty, who moved still in the ornament of a quiet spirit, the centre of the orbit, her home. And although fortune had again, (as the world would say) frowned more fiercely upon the family of love, yet "why need we mourn over a few acres gone?"

"My husband," she cheerfully replied, to a groan which involuntarily burst from Henry Fielding's full heart, as the ancestral Halls of his fathers receded from his lingering gaze—"have we not the world before us, and our growing family to prop us, as our shadows lengthen; and besides, we have health and strength, and brave hearts with us, to take to the luxuriant west; and these are all we need, they tell us." And thus, with a woman's soul and woman's courage, she cheered the drooping partner whom she had so faithfully served and loved, through good report and evil report, through the passes of better and worse, richer and poorer; and she never saw her "greenwood home," nor the stately boxwood urns, nor the grave of her dear child beyond the garden walls again; and when she wrote to her friends she would say: "But we have found another greenwood, and the trees we used to think so grand, are children compared to the venerable forest ones which shade our cottage, and we are so happy; we have seen so much of the beautiful world by leaving the little one I had always lived in; and then the flowers—every thing is a garden here; and the little borders about us are bright with those I brought out with me, they grow so much gayer in this rich soil; and our boys are all about us, too, and we live like monarchs in our new kingdom, and we have most loving subjects. If we had our dear Emma with us, just to look through the long, long dark woods, and to see the boys with their wives and little ones about them, and to hear the birds singing just as gay as she was herself, sweet child!

And so, from the day she was first rocked in her cradle until the last when the flower parted and fell in upon her narrow-resting-place—was the life of Hetty a continual feast, and her memory was blessed to those who had lived in her smiles.

---

Hood gives a graphic picture of an irritable man, thus:—He lies like a hedgehog, rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles."

---

Punishing Liars.—In Turkey when a storekeeper is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain so for one month.

### A Singular Story.

The Washington Correspondent of Mr. Lippard's paper, the "Quaker City," communicates the following curious account of a recent remarkable dream of Mr. Calhoun's. We have not much faith in supernatural appearances, or in Washington correspondents, but if anything could lead the ghost of the "Father of his Country" to revisit the realms beneath the moon, it would be the thought that his beloved country was in danger of Disunion, which is but another name for Civil War. We give the story for what it is worth:

Washington, D. C., Jan. 12, 1850.

*Mr. Editor*:—The other morning, at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know that he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern, Scotch-Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sort of sad smile, which wins the hearts of all those who converse with him. His hair is snow-white. He is tall, thin, and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his Fatalism the brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered upon the shrine of that iron Necessity which he worships, all that can excite ambition—even to the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and brush it with his left, in a nervous and hurried manner. He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons comprising the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Calhoun replied in rather a *flurried* manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing!—Only a dream which I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large black spot—like an ink blotch—upon the back of my hand. An optical delusion I suppose."

Of course, these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly—

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiar absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand—"however, if it does not too much intrude upon the time of our friends, I will relate it."

Of course, the company were profuse in their exprssions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:—

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who, without a word, took a seat opposite me, at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant, that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self-possessed, taking his seat opposite me, without a word, as though my room, and all within it, belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation. As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapped in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke—

"'What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?' he said.

"I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him involuntarily—

"I am writing a plan for the Dissolution of the American Union, (you know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of Dissolution in the event of *certain* contingencies?)

"To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible:

"'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your right hand?'

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face. Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder-clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events have called back to life. The features were those of George Washington, yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office—"

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company.—Toombs at length broke the embarrasing pause.

"Well, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed:—

"This intruder, I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is, I felt a strange chill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it, and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly *dead-alive* look of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment, He looked at me steadily, and said in a quiet way—

"'And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper, declaring the Union Dissolved?'

"I answered in the affirmative. 'Yes,' said I, 'if a *certain* contingency arises, I will sign my name to the declaration of Dissolution.' But at that moment, a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch, which I seem to see even now. 'What is that?' cried I, alarmed, I know not why, at the blotch upon my hand.

"'That,' said He, dropping my hand, 'that is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.'

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he placed upon the table—placed it upon the very paper on which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a skeleton.

"'There,' said He, 'there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung at Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you. He was a South Carolinian, and so are *you!* But there was no blotch upon his right hand—'

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones and—awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

All the company answered in the affirmative. Toombs muttered, "singular, very singular!" at the same time looking rather curiously at the back of his right hand—and Mr. Calhoun, placing his head between his hands, seemed buried in thought.

---

### To the Parents, Guardians, and Friends

*Of the Ninety-eight Thousand Children in Vermont, who are growing up to be the Citizens of the State and of our common country:*

The time is just at hand when, in the several towns in the State, you will be required to choose superintendents of your schools; and we would urgently and earnestly appeal to you, on that occasion, not only to select the right kind of men for that office, but to give them such directions and encouragement as shall prompt them to the zealous, efficient, and faithful discharge of their duty. Our county superintendency having been abolished, the office of town superintendent will now assume a higher responsibility and importance than have hitherto belonged to it.

In the first place the duty of examining teachers will devolve solely on your town superintendents. This is a work which you, as individuals, would doubtless be reluctant to engage in, even if you possessed essentially the requisite qualifications. Besides, there is a certain tact and skill acquired by experience in this, no less than in any other kind of business, which you could not expect to exercise, if you were to attempt to distribute the labor of examining your teachers among yourselves,—each performing the service once, perhaps, in a series of years. If you have a delicate piece of work to be done, you apply to one who has gained skill in such work by practice. *Division* of labor,—each steadily pursuing a particular employment, and thus acquiring an ability to perform his work skillfully and well, is a characteristic of the civilized state, and the most effective means of advancing civilization. And this is true not only in regard to the mechanic arts, but all the employments and pursuits that look to the promotion of a people's welfare.

Nor is this duty of examining teachers one of trifling importance. Without a thorough system of examination, many who are wholly incompetent and unfit for their high and holy work, will be likely to find a place in your schools as teachers;—many, who, if they do not positively lead your children into error, and corrupt their morals, will yet fail to rouse their energies, to awaken their interest in study, and secure their proper advancement. And if the precious season of their early life be allowed to pass away unimproved, they will sustain a loss which the future, however propitious, can never fully repair. For the wasted opportunities of childhood may be mourned over, but they will not return.

But failure from incompetency in the teacher is not the only evil to be feared.—He may do far *worse* than *fail*. He may inculcate error, or exert a demoralizing influence. And remember that the impressions and effects thus produced are of no transient duration. The teacher is engaged in rearing a structure "whose base is on the earth—whose cap stone is in the skies!" He is inscribing on the mind and soul of those entrusted to his care, a tracery which time may not alter,—characters that men and angels must survey. His instructions and influence will tell upon the character and destiny of those you love, for time and for eternity.

In the second place, the duty of visiting your schools will devolve wholly on your town superintendents. Doubtless one of the most important ends to be answered by this visiting of schools, is to keep alive in the teacher a sense of his responsibility, and show him that some solicitude is felt for his success, and awaken in your children a new and livelier interest in their pursuits by the assurance that their progress in learning is regarded as a matter of so much importance as to be made the object of your own and the public attention. To such sympathy, both teachers and pupils are fairly entitled, and they need it to encourage and animate them in their work. From this view of the nature and leading purpose of the duty in question it might be concluded that you could perform it to better advantage than you could that of examining teachers. But could we rely upon you to attend to it amidst the engrossing pursuits of your business? Would you perform the duty promptly, thoroughly and faithfully? We indeed hope—we would entreat you,—that you will not entirely neglect the duty as an individual and personal one. Yet you need not fear that the services of your superintendents, in this way, will be superfluous or useless.

Again and lastly, the duty of recommending the books to be used in your schools will also devolve entirely upon these officers. You need some arrangement to protect yourselves against the fluctuations and changes in schoolbooks which must unavoidably result if this matter be left without any systematic regulation. You want well informed discreet and stable men to advise on the subject, so that you may feel secure not only that your children have suitable books, but that no caprice from any quarter shall, on the one hand compel you to purchase anew at the commencement of each successive school, (if not oftener,) or, on the other hand, expose you to have the usefulness of your schools greatly impaired—the labors of your teacher essentially embarrassed and the progress of your children seriously retarded,—by a multiplicity of text-books and a consequent multiplicity of classes. The recommendations of judicious superintendents will tend to establish a system which you can rely upon to be as permanent as the nature of the case will admit, and which you can conform to with far less embarrassment and expense than you would be subjected to if no stable system were adopted, to say nothing of the difference in the progress which your children would make in their studies.

In view, then, of the various important duties which are to be performed by your superintendents, may we not hope that you will regard the proper selection of them as matter of serious moment? We would urge you to select men of competent scholarship, the prudent and judicious, those who feel an interest in the cause of our common schools, and who may be relied upon to be active and earnest in discharging the duties of their trust. And especially select such as will afford you the best possible security that the teachers they approve shall be of such a character as their high office demands. For we would again urge you to guard well,—to use every precaution in your power,—that those in whom are garnered up your dearest and fondest hopes be not entrusted to the charge of an incompetent, unfaithful and unworthy teacher. Employ, if you please, a novice to superintend a business in which you have invested all your capital, give, if you will, the pleading and defence of a cause in which your whole worldly wealth may be involved, to a fourth rate lawyer; and commit, if you choose, the care of your health and life, when disease has assailed you and death stares you in the face, to an ignorant quack—but do not, O do not entrust the education of your children,—the unfolding of their immortal minds, and the formation of that character on which hangs their eternal destiny,—to those who would go to work at random upon materials so priceless—tho't-less and careless, it may be, of the final results of their labors! The former errors will, it may be, lead to a ruined fortune, or the cutting short of your years on earth.—But the ruined fortune perhaps may be retrieved, and your life at farthest must soon reach its close. But the last error,—that which involves the miseducation of your children,—is one that concerns more than worldly wealth or a fleeting existence here, and involves a loss which neither time nor eternity can repair—a fatal and irretrievable ruin.

It is not enough, however, for you simply to select your best and worthiest men for superintendents. When this has been done, they should be given to understand that you expect them to do their duty. This may be done by your giving them proper directions and the assurance of a suitable compensation for their labors.

It was the intention of the undersigned only to call your attention, at this time, to the duty that pertains to the election of your town superintendents. But now that we are in communication with you, allow us to add a few words further. When you have performed the duty already contemplated, you still are not,—cannot be, discharged from all further obligation or concern in regard to your schools. You have yet other personal and individual duties to perform. You need to cooperate with your superintendents and with your teachers in every possible manner.

We trust the Institute will be brought within reach of all our teachers in the course of the current year. These are schools designed to impress upon teachers a deeper sense of the responsibility and importance of their work; to impart to them a knowledge of the best methods of teaching, and the best mode of adapting their instructions to the different ages and capacities of children; and, generally, to ensure to them a higher skill and more full success in a labor fraught with so momentous consequences. But without a general system of co-operation on your part, teachers, however well qualified, skillful and faithful, must come far short of accomplishing the good they might otherwise do.

We cannot here enter into the details of your personal duties in relation to this matter, but we strongly and earnestly entreat you to turn your attention to the subject and study those duties for yourselves. Our schools need improving. They should ensure to our children higher intelligence,—purer virtue,—greater usefulness. The improvement demanded will require your efforts; but no great good is obtained at a cheap rate. And, in closing, we would appeal to your regard for the honor and prosperity of the state, which we doubt not you are proud to call your own; to your concern for the best welfare of society; to the interest you feel in the respectability, the usefulness and happiness of your children;—or, if you have not children of your own, we commend to your special regard the State's whole Ninety-eight Thousand "*buds of promise*"—and ask you, respectfully, but with the expectation that the request will be heeded, that you will employ your best energies,—your most earnest, faithful and persevering efforts—to sustain and build up our common schools.

H. EATON, State Supt.

Middlebury, Feb. 18, 1850.

---

### Chemistry of the Stars.

This singular head forms the subject of an article in the British Quarterly. The design of it is to show that the forms of life existing in this world are not repeated in the other planets and heavenly bodies. The article is destined to be read with unusual interest. The data from which it reasons are the variety in weight, superficial phenomena, forms and color, of the heavenly bodies. It is shown to be impossible that a system of animal and vegetable life, resembling that of our globe, can exist on many of them. The dry and rugged surface of the moon, volcanic, yet without sea and without atmosphere, the varying quality of sidereal light, and the chemical poverty of meteorites or air stones, as far as their component substances have been discovered by analysis, are among the data on which it is argued that the stars are not *tellaric;* that they do not resemble the earth in their composition, and, therefore, that life must be otherwise sustained on the surface of those orbs, if it exist at all, than on ours.

The chemistry of the stars, it is inferred, must differ from the chemistry of the earth—the grandeur of the universe and the grandeur of Omnipotence are not obscured but vastly illustrated by this general fact of diversity—a diversity that is already seen to surpass all previous thought and all possible conception. Yet there may be as wide a range of vital as of chemical diversity, and the reasons of analogy are urged in behalf of the hypothesis that the stars are inhabited, are in no way invalidated by the discovery that they are not—or that many of them are not—adapted to the sustentation of such living beings as dwell on the surface our earth.

---

### Homestead Exemption.

Gov. Fish recommends the passage of a Homestead Exemption Law in the following eloquent passage:

"While it is admittedly a primary duty of the Legislature to enact laws for the punishment of vice, it is no less its duty to remove the causes which frequently lead to the commission of crime. The impression made upon the youthful mind by the gentle force of parental authority and example, and by the associations of the family circle, are among the most active and enduring of the influences which control the conduct of after life. Much of the vice that we are called upon to deplore, may be traced to the early removal of its subject from the reach of that authority and example, and from the innocent but wholesome associations of a home, however humble. The cause of morality, no less than the dictates of humanity, demand the preservation of the family circle, and the maintenance of the family home, efficient preventives of vice, and sure and permanent contributors to individual virtue and happiness, and to public prosperity and order."

This principle has already been incorporated into the codes of several of the States, and although in this instance, as in many others involving a reform in the condition of ancient laws, there may be much opposition in the onset, it will eventually be generally adopted.

---

To renew old and worn Files.—The following recipe has been selling about the country for $5, as a secret:—Take half a pound of sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol) add one pint of soft water in an earthen or glass vessel, very slowly, or it will enflame. Put in the files and heat to about the scalding point. Keep them in from five to ten minutes, according to their coarseness. Wash in strong ley or saleratus water, rinse off—dry, and oil.

The explanation of this operation is, that the acid has two sides of each tooth of the file to corrode and only one point. It creates a species of sharpness about like a file half worn. We have tried it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

---

Marble Cement.—Take plaster of Paris, and soak it in a saturated solution of alum; then bake the two in an oven, the same as gypsum is baked, to make the plaster of Paris; after which they are ground to powder. It is then used as wanted, being mixed up with water, like plaster, and applied. It sets into a very hard composition, capable of taking a very high polish. It may be mixed with various coloring minerals to produce a cement of any color capable of imitating marble. This is a very rare recipe.

---

### THE CAUCASIAN RACE.

The following extract is taken from the life of Alfred the Great. It shows in a striking light the immense energy of the Caucasian race and their commanding influence upon the destiny of the human family:—

For three thousand years the Caucasian race, have continued in all circumstances and under every variety of situation, to exhibit the same traits and the same incomitable prowess. No calamities however great—no desolating wars, no destructive pestilence, no wasting famine, no night of darkness, however universal and gloomy—have ever been able to keep them long in degradation or barbarism. There is not now a barbarous people to be found in the whole race, and there has not been one for more than a thousand years.

Nearly all the great exploits and achievments too, which have signalized the history of the world, have been performed by this branch of the human family. They have given celebrity to every age in which they have lived, and to every country that they have ever possessed, by some great deed, or discovery, or improvement, which their intellectual energies have accomplished. As Egyptians they built the pyramids, and reared enormous monoliths, which remain as perfect now as they were when first completed thirty centuries ago. As Phenecians, they constructed ships, perfected navigation, and explored, without compass or chart, every known sea. As Greeks, they modelled architectural embellishments, cut sculptures in marble, and wrote poems and history, which have been ever since the admiration of the world. As Romans, they carried a complete and perfect military organization over fifty nations and a hundred millions of people, with one supreme mistress over all, the ruins of whose splendid palaces and monuments have not yet passed away.

Thus has this race gone on, always distinguishing itself, by energy, activity, and intellectual power, wherever it has dwelt, whatever language it has spoken, and in whatever period of the world it has lived. It has invented printing, and filled every country that it occupies with permanent records of the past, accessible to all. It has explored the heavens, and reduced to precise and exact calculations all the complicated motions there. It has ransacked the earth, systematized, arranged and classified the vast melange of plants, and animals, and mineral products to be found upon its surface. It makes steam and falling water to do more than half the work necessary for feeding and clothing the human race—and the howling winds of the ocean, the very emblems of resistless destruction and terror, it steadily employs in interchanging the products of the world and bearing the means of comfort and plenty to every clime.

The Caucasian race has thus, in all ages, and in all the varieties of condition in which the different branches of it have been placed, evinced the same great characteristics, marking the existence of some innate and constant constitutional superiority, and yet, in the different branches subordinate differences appear, which are to be accounted for, perhaps, partly by difference of circumstances, and partly, perhaps, by similar constitutional diversities, by which one branch is distinguished from other branches, as the whole race is from the other races with which we have compared them. Among these branches, we, Anglo-Saxons ourselves, claim for the Anglo-Saxons the superiority over all others.

---

Capt. B. Simmons, of San Francisco, arrived in town on Thursday of last week, and after spending a few days returned to New York.—The extensive business operations of the house of Simmons, Hutchinson, and Co. make it necessary for him to visit several of the cities of the United States, and may require a voyage to Europe before his return to California. All his enterprises seem to have been eminently successful.—*Woodstock Mer.*

---

Rev. George B. Manser, of Montpelier, has accepted a call from St. Peter's Church, in Bennington, and will soon assume the duties of his new charge. Mr. M. has been pastor of the Episcopal Church in Montpelier, for some years past, and is an accomplished scholar and eloquent preacher.—*Brat. Eagle.*

---

☞Hon. Luther Severance, editor of the Kennebec Journal, and formerly member of Congress, has been appointed Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. There has not been a better appointment made by the present Administration than this one. Mr. Severance is one of the first men in New England.

---

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learn. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.